

In advance the parents make the match. If not as ostensibly, yet no less really is this often done in England. It is not the man, but the maintenance which is uppermost in the parental thoughts. It is painful to reflect, while taking a survey of the matches of fifty years' experience, how rarely we ever could detect that the character of a man, otherwise eligible, influenced the parental decision. For the most part, all the evidence offered of a man being a scamp or a profligate is set aside as envy, malice, and all uncharitableness; or else with the remark, "Well, all young men are wild; but they grow steady when they are married." We once heard a lady, in speaking of a matrimonial event just coming off, say, "Capital match; first-rate chance for Ellen. Not at all the sort of man we all know, that she ever intended to marry; but not one woman in twenty does get that." Certainly in this man have an advantage, for they can choose; the ladies must submit to be chosen, save in the case of some remarkable belle who has admirers at command. But these advantages on the side of the gentleman are less than they seem. Their choice is anything but free, as far as reason is concerned. They are the victims of a natural illusion. They choose from the charm and fancy of the hour; or the pride of possessing some Lady Clara Vere de Vere, or some simpering dimpled doll, while all companionable qualities, and that sunshine of the heart which relieves the darkest while it adds warmth to the brightest days of this checked life, are rarely even named among men as the motive of their choice. Truly "marriage is the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth," and, as with many a pretty bargain that has caught our fancy in a shop-window, great is the disenchantment when we have brought it home.

The married ladies in the ball-room are the pests of the poor mammas. They have attained the object of all balls and dancing, and yet they have not the grace to feel for and give place to young girls who sit in rows against the wall. Men prefer the married women and why? They can indulge in a kind of conversation at which we should hope that, in spite of French novels, the single would turn away. It is strange that the husbands should endure to see their wives whisked and whirled and dragged about, well knowing that the so-called waiting and galloping always, unless unusually well done, degenerates into little better than unseemly romping, indeed no one would believe even in its innocence if seen where we solemnly believe it would not be tolerated, in a Piccadilly saloon. A fact: a dressmaker who had seen from an orchestra the dancing now in fashion, when asked by a lady next day how she had been entertained, replied: "I suppose it is all right in high life, but in our line of life no young men would dare to take such liberties with young women." No, madam, your daughter's prospects never can be the better for being exposed to such scenes as these, least of all in the new fashionable costume of a skirt and a pair of shoddy straps. It is not the sensuous, but the sentimental, that should prevail. I do not see how a young girl, in a self-respect, takes the lead in a modern ball-room, and that it is the really modest and reserved to conduct in such a sphere. I have seen many a girl, and you may see many more, who are happy in your own way. Our object in introducing your daughter, and looking to the main chance, is to recommend such a match.

Missunderstood.

Two young lawyers made a flying trip up North the other day. One is stout and rosy, the other pale, cadaverous, and of the proportions of a stovepipe. The business for which they had set forth being accomplished they passed a leisure hour with brother lawyers in the sample room of the hotel. Soon the party became somewhat mellow, and as time grew apace the stout gentleman grew more rosy and good natured, while his specter-like companion grew more boisterous and ill-natured, finally reaching such a bellicose condition that he offered for a small consideration to whip any individual in the hostelry who ventured to disagree with him upon any of the topics touched upon, war, science, politics, governmental and sporting matters, further offering at the same time to back his judgment for a sum of money which, in the widest range of vision, had never crossed his eyesight. There were some pretty tough customers about the hotel, who took offense at some of the remarks ventured, but, strange to relate, none in any way attempted to controvert the statements made or resent the same—but to the astonishment of the lean lawyer, looked wisely at each other, smiled significantly, and—partook of more refreshments. When the hour for departure arrived, one of the above-named attaches assisted in carrying the luggage of the Albanians to the depot, and when he perceived the direction which the passengers meant to take, he looked suspiciously at the stout lawyer and inquired in a subdued voice: "Say, mister, aren't you an officer?" "An officer? No, certainly, not," replied the astonished disciple of Blackstone; "why do you ask?"

"Cause I thought you were going the other way, and was bringing a lunatic to Utica."

The fat lawyer never informed his lean contemporary how he escaped a thrashing at the hands of the village hotel man.

STREET INCIDENT.—"I often cross the street to avoid meeting a man," says Mr. Beecher, "not because I have anything against him, but simply because I do not feel like speaking to him. I suppose all men are this way." Yes, nearly all men are that way, Mr. Beecher, and we are glad you have mentioned the subject, for it gives us a chance to agree with a great man. We sometimes cross the street and climb a fence to avoid meeting a man, not that we have anything against him, but because he has something against us—a bill—Mr. Beecher.

TAKE MY HAND.

She slept within her little crib, Beside her mother's bed, The good-night kiss long since was given, The evening prayer was said. Why start thus? Does some frightful dream I cannot understand, Trouble my child? She only said: "Please, mamma, take my hand."

And, with her little hand in mine, Feeling that I was near, She sweetly slept again in peace, Without a thought of fear. Oh, with such child-like faith as hers Ready at my command, When fears distress, how soon I'd cry, "My father, take my hand."

And, even though I may not see Thy presence at my side, Yet, if I feel thy hand in mine I would be satisfied. And though the way be cold and dark If by my side thou'lt stand I'll trust in thee and onward go, O Father, take my hand.

A Wife's Tale.

Every house has its "squally" days once in a while, when a "nor'easter" brews in the heavens and on the earth, giving every member of the household either toothache or rheumatism or the "blues." It was just such a time as this at our house last week. To cap the climax, about noon company was announced, and we had planned for "a picked-up dinner." I was in despair, and went down to the parlor with such an inhospitable face, that my little friend exclaimed, as she came forward to meet me: "You aren't glad to see me one bit, Aunt Sue!"

I was, though, and all my ill-nature vanished in a moment at the sight of her sad face.

"What is it, Kitty? What is the matter?" I asked, tenderly. "I'm in trouble, Aunt Sue, and I thought perhaps you could help me." And the sweet face struggled bravely with tears. "Of course I can, dear child. Take off your wraps and have lunch with me, and then you shall tell me all about it."

Kitty is one of my children—an old maid's darling. Why she ever took a fancy to "Aunt Sue" it is quite impossible to say; but the reasons for my partiality to her are self-evident to all who know her, for who can help loving the thoroughly good, sincere, loving little child-woman? Then I had been her teacher before her marriage, and "foster mother" she had called me through a very desolate orphanage. She is the wife of a promising young lawyer; and though her lips had never been sealed on the subject, we had a long time feared she was not a happy wife.

"I'm in trouble, Aunt Sue, and I thought perhaps you could help me." And the sweet face struggled bravely with tears.

"Tell me all about it, Kitty," I replied, striking the soft hair soothingly. "Fred is a noble fellow; I fear there is something wrong with you." It was the old story of want of congeniality and oneness in habits of thought and action. The young husband loved society, public life, elegant dinners and an ever-hospitable board. He loved his young wife, too—no mistake about that—and wanted to take her everywhere; was loyal to her, but perhaps too volatile and fond of display. She, by nature and habit, was very different, loving privacy, domestic life, and above all things, her books. Society to her was a bore, and to keep open house an utter weariness of flesh and spirit. So they had grown apart. Sharp, reprimanding words had been uttered, heartaches nursed, and each finding solace for a disappointed, vexed spirit in different ways. It was easy to see the chasm before their feet—this young pair who had vowed to walk together "till death do us part." Both were wrong, and I trembled for my bonnie Kate.

"Kitty," said I, "I have a story to tell you. There is a lesson in it, if you really love your husband. I have a friend—a right royal woman, too, who married a man pre-eminent in business knowledge, and so absorbed therein as to have little interest in other things. He admired his elegant wife, though, and liked to see her presiding over his table, and entertaining his business acquaintances. Yet, between those two, there seemed a great gulf fixed—not one thing in common. When alone, there was nothing to talk about; no level ground on which to meet. To the wife there was thralldom and humiliation in such a life; but instead of turning away from her husband, or nursing dislike, she determined on a noble conquest. She turned her attention to political economy, studied everything pertaining to business—banks, brokerage, railroad stock, market reports, the rise and fall of all kinds of property, the national debt and the omniscient question. Wasn't she a plucky woman? By and by she began to talk, arresting her husband's ear by her knowledge of facts, lucid statements and evident acquaintance with all financial questions. Curious, was it not? Amazed, he watched her with delight and growing admiration. Soon he began to defer to her judgment, ask her advice, and quote her opinions. His esteem became profound; and now, when she ventures to introduce other topics nearer to her heart and taste, he not only listens with deference, but joins in with hearty interest. She has become wise and learned in the line of

thought he values most; therefore, in his eyes, her opinions are of worth on every subject. Wise woman! Do you not see that she has conquered him in his citadel? "Now, dear child, go home and adopt this rule. Adapt yourself so thoroughly to your husband's peculiarities that a love so deep and strong and unselfish will be born in his heart for you that you can mold him as you will; so that he can but choose to yield to you preference as the law of his life, the joy of his heart. You cannot "force" a point, but by loving integrity and "tact" you can wield a chain to bind your husband hand and foot, which he will never feel. "I'll try it, Aunt Sue," said the little woman, with such a flash of spirit, will and hope, that I know she would conquer.

Have I one dissatisfied husband for a reader? Don't yield to despondency or ill-humor. Above all do not turn away in silent pride. Respect each other's rights, preferences and peculiar sorrows. Try the golden rule. Use love and tact and you are sure to win.

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Preparing Raisins.

A short description of how grapes are raised for the market may be of interest, as very many, though constantly using raisins of various sorts, have but little idea of the way in which they are dried for use. Malaga, Valencia and Smyrna raisins derive their names from the places whence they come. Of these, the Smyrna black raisins are the cheapest; the Malaga being held in the highest estimation, and fetching fully a third more than any other description of raisin. The growth of the vines in Spain is different from those of Italy. In Andalusia, they creep along the surface of the ground, as strawberries do, thus gathering all the atmospheric heat; and the branches appear like roots, and the grapes, though white, have a golden tinge. The vintage is very carefully conducted, the fruit not all being gathered at once, but the same ground is gone over three times, so that all the grapes are properly ripe when picked. As they are gathered they are placed in baskets, and carried, either in carts or on the backs of mules and asses, to the place where they undergo the drying process. The fruit, however, is often much injured in transit, and as no broken grapes can be properly dried, the loss from this cause is considerable. The grapes are prepared for the market in three different ways—by simply drying in the sun, by washing and steam-drying. In following the first method, which is the general process in Malaga, divisions are constructed of either brick or stone, in a recumbent position, exposed to the sun rays. These divisions are built in at one end with a triangle formed of masonry, and arranged that the sun always shines on its contents. The interior of these compartments are thickly spread with fine gravel, to absorb the heat. As soon as the grapes are gathered they are put into these divisions, and are exposed to the intense heat of the Andalusian sun. It is dried by a process of evaporation, that during the month of August they attain a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit. While drying the grapes which remain green are carefully selected, and a few grapes singly to test the proper uniformity of color is observed. As long as the fruit is protected from the early dew or rain, by stout canvas being stretched over the tops of the divisions. Some people use blankets instead. Great care is taken to prevent the fruit from being soiled by the scorching sun, as then they are ready in four days; but dried only by the sun's heat, they take ten days. This loss of time, however, is fully compensated by the economy of the process. Drying by washing and drying by steam are inferior to the simple sun-drying process, because they are more expensive, involving outlay in buildings, furnaces, and steam-pipes; and the raisins are moreover, liable to the danger of fermentation during their transportation. Besides, they always have to be dried in the sun for a certain time before being ready to pack, whatever plan is pursued in curing them other than the sun-drying process.

When the drying is thoroughly accomplished, by whatever plan pursued, the raisins, prior to being packed for exportation, require to be carefully looked over, and all the broken and bruised ones removed, as a drop of moisture from such would very likely damage a whole box. After this comes the proper classification, by no means an easy affair, as merchants and cultivators differ, often very materially on this subject. The boxes are generally made by contract. The best are made from firwood, which is imported from Portugal. The producer provides and packs these boxes, which the merchants frequently repack, employing women and girls to perform this office. The boxes are generally divided into layers. Four layers will be contained in a whole box, representing, if of full size, about twenty-two pounds of fruit; the total weight with the filled box being from 20 to 29 pounds. Much of the above information is obtained from a report recently published at Malaga. The crop of raisins in Malaga alone, from the vintage of 1880-81, was over two hundred thousand boxes; and the province, which a year or two ago was estimated at fifty thousand boxes, is now stated to be nearly one hundred and fifty thousand boxes. Besides the raisins already named, may be mentioned Sultanais, Muscatels, Lipari, Bavedero, Bloom or jar raisins, and sun or Solis. The best kinds are imported in boxes and jars—such as Malagas and Muscatels; while the inferior sorts are shipped in casks and barrels, fruits and nuts.

MATTING, a small piece, is preferable to oil cloth as a protector for the carpet near the outside door. It should be neatly tacked down.

A LUNCHEON.—Beat two eggs, mixing with them a tablespoonful of cream. Put them in a sauceman, adding some anchovies and some minced tongue. Spread on toast and serve immediately.

How Nell Went Shopping.

Nell went to town on the 9 o'clock train, but she didn't go alone. Nell was only 4 years old. Her mamma was going shopping—going to buy a hat for her, and cambric for dresses, gingham for aprons, buttons, stockings—almost everything was to be for that little girl. No wonder she was delighted to go and help.

"Now listen, my dear," said mamma, as the train was moving into the station: "Whatever I am doing, wherever we go, you must keep close to me."

"Course I will," said Nell stoutly, and she surely meant to do it. But this is what happened:

First of all they went to the milliner's on State street. The big shop was crowded with ladies and children, for the warm, bright days of spring had come and everybody and everybody's little girl must have a new hat. There were piles of hats, and glass cases full of lovely flowers and feathers and birds and ribbons.

All the clerks were very busy. By-and-by one came to wait upon them, and Nell's hat was brought and wrapped in a brown paper with pictures on it. Then mamma rose— "Oh, when to select some ribbons," she said. "Just step this way, if you please," said the clerk. Mamma glanced at Nell. She was watching two little girls who were buying their own hats; so she stepped around to the ribbon counter. One moment later she looked around. Nell was not there. She hurried from one end of the shop to the other—no! She looked behind the counters, ran to the door and gazed up and down the street—no such child was in sight. "She must have gone into the trimming-room," said the clerk, and with fast-beating heart mamma hastened back again. Everybody looked sorry when they heard that a little girl was lost. But she was truly gone.

How where do you suppose Nell was? Just as her mamma turned away, another lady, who wore a black silk dress and long cloak, just like her mamma's, started toward the door. Nell saw the dress going, and didn't look up to see what woman was wearing it. So, with her eyes still lingering on those wonderful little girls, she followed a stranger out of the shop. She walked pretty fast, and Nell thought, "Mamma has to hurry; she has so much things to buy for me! Wonder when she'll buy the candy!"

The Death Troth.

"Ainslie, I want to have a talk with you come—and smoke," said Wilfrid Denver, a young fair-haired lieutenant of the Forty-second regiment of the Highland brigade. He yielded to his request. The pipes were lit, and soon they passed from lighter topics to one of deeper interest, when Wilfrid told a story to his friend of a romantic first love, which had made of his hard life in the Crimea a tender, sweet idyl.

"You have not told me her name," said Ainslie. "It is Constance." "And your marriage—is the day fixed?" "No such luck!" ejaculated Wilfrid. "We should have to wait for some years for my promotion. But," continued he, with an embarrassed laugh, "it is rather premature to talk of a wedding when my fate is not yet decided. I think she loves me, though I never asked her the question until I came to the Crimea."

"Oh, you are not engaged?" "No. I expect to get her letter tomorrow—the letter which will tell me all. Ainslie, if it comes too late, will you lay it unopened upon my breast, and bury it with me?"

The captain turned his dark eyes affectionately on his comrade's face, as he responded. "If it comes to that, yes; but, old fellow, don't be down in the mouth; hope for better things."

The battle was over. A victory was gained for England; but at what a cost! With unavailing sorrow in his heart, Paul Ainslie gazed on the scene, for his errand there was a sad one. He came to seek among the slain the body of his friend, who had fallen. He found the still form. He looked down on the face last seen so bright with life, and the tears gathered slowly in his dark eyes. He held an unopened letter which had just reached the camp. It was addressed to Lieutenant Denver, in a woman's writing.

Perchance it contained the words of love which had been so eagerly desired yesterday. With a deep sigh, Paul laid the letter on the young officer's breast; and thus, with his beloved's words close to the pulseless heart, Wilfrid Denver was laid to rest in his rude grave.

Five years after the Crimean war is over, Paul Ainslie mingles with the crowd at a fashionable ball in the height of the London season. Such gay assemblies are not much to his taste, but he is drawn to this gathering because the idol of his heart is amongst the guests. Constance Beaumont is singularly beautiful. Paul has been dancing with her. The delight of her presence overwhelms him. Bending, until their eyes meet, he whispers, "Come with me."

In the cool, dimly-lighted conservatory, with the splash of falling water mingling with the dreamy strains of music, he asks her one low, earnest question, "Constance, will you be my own?" Her heart answers him. They are quite alone, and even as the light tremulously has her in his arms, close against his throbbing heart.

She draws away from his touch with a shudder, exclaiming, wildly, "Paul! Paul! you must not love me! Seek not to unite your life with mine, for the shadow of death is on my path!"

Paul smiles superior to her fears. "My darling, if you love me I will never relinquish you. Death comes to all lives, but it will not fall sooner on either of us because those lives are one," he says.

It is Paul Ainslie's wedding-day. The sunlight streams through the stained glass windows, casting gorgeous tints on the church floor. The ceremony begins; the solemn words are spoken. Paul stretches forth his hand to plight their troth, while Constance's slight fingers flutter into his palm. He is about to press them in a warm clasp when an icy hand steals in between and a shadowy form stands before the bride. Her arm falls to her side. An awful pallor comes upon her face.

With lips apart, with eyes distended in horror, she confronts the phantom; then, with one long, wild cry—"Wilfrid! Wilfrid!"—she falls like a stone into Paul's arms.

The bridal guests crowd round her: there is a hum of voices, a whispered murmur of sound; but Constance knows nothing, sees nothing. White and still, with closed eyelids like the dead, she remains, and thus he bears her from the church. In the same state she is borne from the carriage and laid upon her bed. Her lover's heart seems breaking. He has tried all restoratives in vain. He throws himself upon his knees besides the couch, and clasping her inanimate form to his throbbing heart in a paroxysm of despair, he moans, "Oh, Constance, my beloved, come back to life and me!"

As in answer to his prayer, she moves, her dark eyes opening upon him with a wild gaze as of fear; then there comes a passionate burst of weeping, which shakes her from head to foot.

Rising from the couch she totters toward him, stretching out her arms. "Take me, Paul, my love, for the last, last time!" she cries, in a voice quivering with pain. He draws her to his heart; he holds her there as though nothing again shall sever them, and thus she tells him the story of her life!

Scarcely has she spoken ere Paul knows their doom is sealed; that phantom form is before him; that icy grasp seems to freeze his blood with a nameless horror. She has loved Wilfrid Denver. The letter he had laid on the young officer's cold breast contained her acceptance of his offered hand. When the news of his death reached her she had resolved to live unwedded for his sake; but after years had passed Paul's devoted love won her heart; and, in spite of a warning presentment, she accepted him.

"Constance," cries Paul, "do you seriously mean that this phantom is to sever us?" She interrupts him. "Dearest look here." Taking from her desk a folded paper, she puts it into his hand. It is Wilfrid Denver's last letter. On the first page are traced these words: "It may be that ere I receive your answer—the answer which will bring

Art in Handling a Fan.

When fans were first introduced into Europe they were used by men as well as women, but it was soon discovered that the awkward hands of masculinity had nothing in common with an implement so light and graceful, and soon it became the sole prerogative of women to carry a fan. In her hands it became a means of fascination, of grace, of love-making, of coquetry and of a kind of silent talk on all kind of subjects. To it she confided her joys, her hates, her revenges, and after the combat she would kiss it as a duelist sometimes does his sword. A French lady of the time of Louis XV declared that however agreeable, graceful and elegantly dressed a lady might be she would necessarily be ridiculous unless she knew how to handle a fan; that you could tell a princess from a countess, a countess from a marquise, a marquise from an untitled lady by the delicate movements of her fan, and that this subtle instrument, by its opening and closing, its rising and falling, its sweeping and waving, its pointing and beating, conveyed an encyclopedia of meaning.

Decreasing Snowfall on the Sierras.

The snowfall on the Sierras has been very light the past winter. At the Summit and Cisco the greatest average depth falling at one time this year has not exceeded six feet. The average fall in former winters has been over twenty feet. In the winters of 1807-8, when Cisco was the terminus of the Central Pacific railroad, the snow there fell to a depth of over thirty feet.

This was before the snow-sheds were built—when the railroad company had over 1,000 men employed in shoveling snow from the deep cuts between Blue Canyon and Cisco. The passenger trains at that time consisted of only two coaches and one baggage car, and were drawn the last eight miles—from Emigrant Gap to Cisco—by eighteen ten-wheel locomotives—over 800 tons of metal—driving a snow plough as large as a two-story house in front of them. At that time the line of the road wound through a trackless forest, over forty miles in length, stretching from Truckee on the east to Alta on the west, trains frequently being brought to a standstill by fallen trees obstructing the track.

Of the vast forests that then covered the sides and crowned the summits of the Sierras along the line of the road scarcely a vestige now remains. Since the building of the road a swath over twenty miles in breadth has been mowed through the ancient forests bordering the track, whose dark recesses obscured by thick foliage had never been penetrated by the rays of sun before the advent of the iron horse. The decrease in the snowfall is said to date from that event, and is mainly attributed to the fact of that portion of the country being entirely denuded of timber.

The Laboring Classes.

A public dinner was recently given to the villagers of Leigh, near Taunbridge, England, by Mr. N. Morley. The men consisted of three classes—a poor, a sallow and a sweet—and cost, without counting sixpence per head, the prime cost of the articles alone being only threepence. Mr. Morley, who presided, said he had been accused of wanting to deprive the workmen of his beer, and now he might be accused of wanting to deprive him of his meat; but it was, he thought, of the greatest importance, and worth considering by fathers and mothers, if they could have their children properly nourished at half their present cost. Then it was said that those who were thoroughgoing vegetarians were invariably total abstainers, and to his mind that was a very great charm. They ate so much fruit and vegetables that they did not need the drink which some people felt they could not do without except in the shape of intoxicants. He believed that a system of fruit and vegetable farming would pay better than corn growing, owing to the foreign competition in the later article, besides which it would enhance the wages of the laboring classes.

Announcing Engagements.

When a couple are engaged there is seldom any sensible reason why all the world should not know it, and, therefore, the new fashion of announcing engagements just before a prominent ball and having the ladies and gentlemen congratulated by their friends is to be commended. To be sure, if the engagement is afterward broken, the thought of these public congratulations would be embarrassing; but if the fashion tends to prevent promises of marriages being lightly given it will serve good purposes. The girl who might say yes when asked to marry, with the mental reservation that if anything better comes along she will contrive not to keep her word, will think twice about it if she has to go through such a form. Marriage engagements are frequently too lightly entered into and too lightly set aside. The engagement should be nearly as sacred a contract as the marriage itself, and it should be such an engagement that both parties would be proud to have it known among all their common acquaintances.

Anna and Kate.

Anna Dickenson was a guest at a recent meeting of Sorosis and took part in the evening's discussion. Anna is full of pluck and while her troubles have given her valuable experience they have not diminished her nerve. She will re-appear on the lecture platform but will hardly appear on the stage. Had she tried the drama earlier in life she might have succeeded, but when one is past 30 it is too late to become a player. Kate Field, who is another clever but unsuccessful woman, will no doubt soon make some new effort. Her attempt to carry on a fashionable store was as great blunder as Anna's turning tragedienne, but alas who can understand his errors? Surely none.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.